

# Tattersall's Club Magazine



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1947.  
No. 11.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

# AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE to all club members

MANY CLUBS are at present licensed to serve liquor, and further licences will soon be granted. However, it is perhaps not generally realised by members that after the coming Liquor Referendum their clubs will be required by law to observe the same trading hours as hotels.

The Referendum provides for either 6 p.m., 9 p.m. or 10 p.m. closing. Whatever hour is carried will be the new closing time for club bars and lounges, irrespective of existing privileges. No member who has enjoyed the benefits of reasonable trading hours, and has compared them with conditions existing in N.S.W. hotel bars to-day, would

willingly see 6 o'clock closing imposed on his own club. Nor would he agree that the general public should be forced to put up with the intolerable, rushed, crowded and uncomfortable conditions brought about by 6 o'clock closing in our hotel bars.

Ten o'clock closing will result in comfortable, pleasant and convenient facilities for all people who enjoy a drink, and will encourage moderation by the provision of amenities conducive to leisurely drinking. In the interests of reasonable and moderate drinking conditions, 10 O'CLOCK must be the new closing hour.

## SYDNEY TO HOBART YACHT RACE

	Conceded time.			Actual time.					
	Days	hrs.	m.	s.	Days	hrs.	m.	s.	
Christina	....	4	11	53	27	6	18	51	15
Saga	....	4	14	11	22	6	9	52	—
Morna	....	4	15	52	53	5	2	53	33
Defiance	....	4	17	58	—	5	19	19	25
Matthew									
Flinders	....	4	18	40	52	5	22	5	25
Trade Wind	4	21	37	58	—	7	1	3	—
Southern									
Maid	....	4	23	14	24	6	6	44	45
Active	....	5	—	36	53	6	7	8	47
Mistral	....	5	2	57	42	5	18	51	41
Wayfarer	....	5	7	34	15	7	12	21	15
Kurrewa III.	6	—	31	52	7	7	30	—	
Ilex and Sirius									
Ilex									Disqualified; finished under engine.
Sirius									Still to finish: Merlan, Unis J., Kalua.



The Annual Yacht Race, Sydney to Hobart, is fast becoming one of our major sporting fixtures and, it is hoped, sufficient inducement will be forthcoming to attract sporting yachtsmen from overseas. The pictures reproduced on this page show the various boats lining up for the start in Rushcutters Bay, with Potts Point in the background, and the smaller group depicts the line-up at the starting point, Clark Island. The ocean distance is 687 miles and results were as in panel at top of page.



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

Established 14th May, 1858.

Chairman - S. E. CHATTERTON

Treasurer - - - JOHN HICKEY

Committee :

F. J. CARBERRY  
GEORGE CHIENE

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Secretary : T. T. MANNING

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NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

TERMINAL CITY CLUB, 837 West Hastings Street, Vancouver, B.C.

SAN DIEGO CLUB, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

## EDITORIAL

### *On Leadership*

LOOKING over the professions, trades and various occupations of wise men, it seems that only one craft of consequence remains unorganised—that of the leaders.

These bold individualists have really much in common, and their lack of co-operation may be due to inability to choose a chairman—every leader, of course, demanding to lead. However, we may yet see a Legion of Leaders develop from modest beginnings into an internationale, after the fashion followers.

The demands formulated, in that event, might be expected to include guarantees against dethronement—even decapitation—and such like disabilities as beset the careers of the really great.

Why should such risks be cheerfully undertaken? Leadership is spectacular and human vanity is to wear the purple mantle, to command and be obeyed.

The humble followers who gaze upward to the seats of the mighty seldom behold the shadow behind the show of splendour.

From Corsica to St. Helena was but a span. As one leader falls another rises and remains possibly as long as he deserves, without establishing a monopoly of the office and creating a corner in its emoluments.

### *The Game Before the Ashes*

BY being beaten an innings in the first and second Test matches, the Englishmen suffered thumps which would have cowed a team less endowed with the fighting spirit, and to which winning meant something, but not everything.

Fortunately, cricket retains its tradition, among the players, at any rate, despite the corrupting influences of pavilion captains and sensation chasers.

Australians were pleased, in the circumstances, that what had threatened in the third Test—still another innings defeat for the visitors—was averted by typical English doggedness. Ordinary players, faced with an extraordinary situation, held on

grimly against the blitz launched by Bradman until time came to rescue the hard-pressed defenders.

The games already played have proved the ascendancy of the Australians, individually and as a team, in the bowling and batting departments.

England shared equality only in the fielding.

It is because the English have been up against so much—including the additional snag of Bradman's captaincy—that we have admired their tenacity. The Australian team has fewer players "on the way out," although it cannot be regarded as a team of up-and-comers.

England needs time to develop her material. The M.C.C. said so much when invited by the Australian Board of Control to send a team, and suggested a Services selection, but yielded eventually to pressure.

In fact, England has placed before the winning of the Ashes a revival of interest in the game of cricket.

Let us remember that.

# THE CLUB MAN'S DIARY

**S.** R. LAMOND, JR., can tell you the best story of Discard—from an acute angle.

Some weeks ago he was asked to time Discard by the latter's trainer S. K. Jeffries in what developed into a smart gallop.

Stanley approved the gallop but decided it would be more politic not to ask the name of this small bay mare. He considered his horses were not likely to clash with her.

Came the day he decided Bourke had a good chance at Gosford. Bourke did his job well, had everything in his favour but finished second.

You've guessed it—Discard was the winner and Stanley was not at Gosford.

\* \* \*

**M**R. W. R. DOVEY, K.C. was one of the most interested spectators of the Club's Gold Cup at Randwick on New Year's Day.

"Where did you get it?" was his simple query.

What odds that the Sydney Cup will not be a super job?

It is to cost £250.

\* \* \*

**T**ATTERSALL'S CLUB handballers are taking up the game again very vigorously in the athletic department and the first handicap competition has already commenced.

The holidays have prevented as many games being played as the organisers would have liked in view of the other competitions and championships to follow.

Competitors are earnestly requested to play off the games listed on the notice board as soon as possible.

One of the best games of the month was that in which star player W. A. Tebbutt essayed the task of giving I. Green 12 start and only failed by four.

The only second round game played, between Peter Lindsay and Gordon Boulton, both on the same mark, was a great go and ended in the former's favour 33-31.

Results to date are:—1st Round—1. Green (owes 3) beat W. A. Teb-

*We regret to record the deaths of club members: L. W. Oliver, Dec. 21, 1946 (elected 26.10.42); Cyril A. Tonking, Dec. 17, 1946 (elected 22.10.34); W. (Billy) Phillips, at Melbourne on Dec. 26, 1946 (elected 29.12.1902); Emanuel Bertman, 11.1.47 (elected 24.2.36); Walter R. Grainger, 11.1.47 (elected 20.11.39).*

butt (owes 15) 31-27, P. Lindsay (5) beat T. H. English (8) 31-22, G. Boulton (5) beat N. P. Murphy (8) 31-25, G. Carr (15) beat C. Hoole (15) 31-29. 2nd Round—P. Lindsay (5) beat G. Boulton (5) 33-31.

\* \* \*

**A**USTRALIA has retained the cricket Ashes won from "Gubby" Allen's 1936 team, but perhaps we should not cheer over-loudly.

The Englishmen, very clearly, are not quite ready for international cricket, and would have deferred their Australian tour until next season had it not been insistence of the Australian Board of Control that 1946-47 was best for all concerned.

Captain Don Bradman has done a man's-sized job moulding his new "bits and pieces," but we are as yet far from desired strength.

## BIRTHDAYS

### JANUARY

1st P. Kearns	20th W. T. Ridge
6th V. J. Hutchins	C. V. Dunlop
7th J. L. Geraghty	21st C. F. Viner Hall
8th F. G. Spurway	22nd J. T. Hunter
9th R. A. Sharpe	23rd A. K. Quist
10th J. A. Chew	26th A. C. Ingham
11th Col. T. L. F. Rutledge	W. S. Edwards
Howard James	27th N. Stirling
14th W. C. Wurth	H. T. Matthews
16th A. C. W. Hill	28th Leon Vandenberg
17th G. V. Dunwoodie	29th G. R. W. McDonald
	30th R. H. Alderson
	31st G. H. Beswick

### FEBRUARY.

1st W. T. Wood	11th L. G. Robinson
2nd E. E. Hirst	13th H. Norton
A. V. Miller	A. J. Matthews
6th C. O. Chambers	W. Hildebrandt
T. S. Prescott	17th G. S. Smith
8th A. J. M. Kelly	25th H. S. Clissold
9th A. E. Cruttenden	

Our batting is particularly strong, but our bowlers lack devil so necessary to mow down class batsmen when in form.

\* \* \*

**I**T had to happen! With so many Pressmen and pseudo-journalists herded together to describe Test matches which should be adequately "covered" by 12 to 20 trained journalists for world distribution, something had to burst.

In the mad rush to "write something the other chap wouldn't think of" some of the most absurd statements have appeared in print. None was more idiotic than criticism of our umpires from individuals not in position to see what happened.

Many contend that the 55 "journalists" now on the job—plus radio "experts," has reduced Test descriptions to a point of vulgarity.

\* \* \*

**C**ONGRATULATIONS of most sincere brand to Manager Walter Pate, of the U.S.A. Davis Cup team which so decisively beat Australia's best for the valued trophy in Melbourne on December 26-27-28.

There can be no excuses when one team is immeasurably superior to the other, and if five victories to nil does not prove outstanding superiority we have another guess coming.

Players Frank Kramer and Schroeder are now graded No. 1 and No. 2 players of the world, and deservedly so, although we still think John Bromwich is entitled to No. 3 position. The unofficial gradings are: Kramer, Schroeder, Drobny, Petra, Bernard, Bromwich, Tom Brown, Mulloy and Parker, in that order.

◆◆◆  
**N**O matter how high you hang an awning it's just a shade above your head.



## TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET,  
SYDNEY.

6th January, 1947

**NOTICE** is hereby given that a **SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING** of the Members of Tattersall's Club will be held in the Club Room on Wednesday, 29th January, 1947, at 8 p.m.

### BUSINESS:

To consider and, if thought fit, pass the following Resolutions:—

- (a) That the Committee, in the name of the Chairman, be authorised to purchase all that piece or parcel of land having a frontage of 24ft. more or less to Castlereagh Street, Sydney, by a depth of 72ft. 6in. more or less, being the whole of the land in Certificate of Title Vol. 1824 Fol. 90, upon which is erected a brick building known as 140 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, at and for a sum not exceeding £21,400.
- (b) That for the purpose of effecting such purchase, the Committee, in the name of the Chairman, be authorised to expend the funds of the Club now held by the Club or hereafter accruing or accumulating, and to borrow money by way of mortgage on the lands (including the land described in Resolution (a)) of the Club.

By Order of the Committee.

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.

**Note:—**The property mentioned in Resolution (a) adjoins the Club premises on the Castlereagh Street frontage, southern side. The Committee recommends the purchase of this property to provide for the extension of the Club premises.

# HORSE OF THE MONTH

## The Flying Temeraire

Temeraire the unbeaten colt of the season was one of the smallest youngsters of all time when he arrived at trainer F. T. Cush's stable. He was only a pocket-edition yearling to whom no buyer would have given a second glance at the sales.

ONLY a few saw Temeraire in those early autumn days and and not one suspected that Fred's wizardry with two-year-olds would enable him to provide not only the best two-year-old to date but also the biggest.

### Marked Development.

Just to show how marked was the colt's development, when the

set the standard pattern of his wins—all the way.

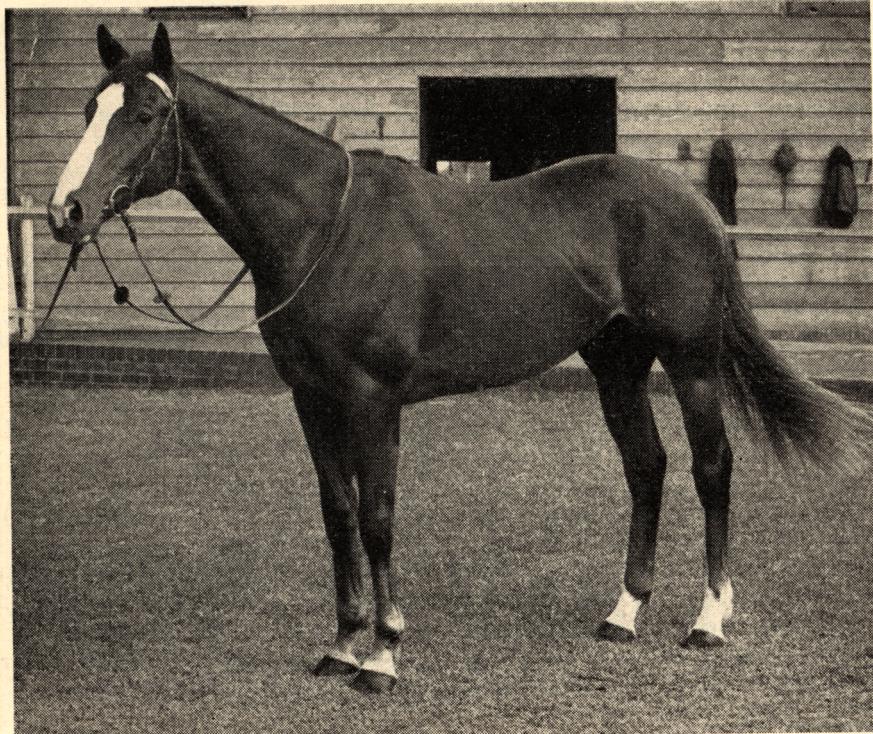
He was so impressive that in his three subsequent races, the Kirkham Stakes and December Stakes, he had only two opponents, and their only interest in each race was the minor prize-money.

Cush says that Temeraire is the answer to a trainer's prayer.

many smart youngsters in his stables during recent years he has always avoided taking them to Melbourne.

He thinks that when a good colt—or filly, has raced on to the December Stakes, taking them through the hot weather to be fit to race at Caulfield and Flemington in early March is asking too much.

This was his first plan with Temeraire.



TEMERAIRE

keen-eyed Bob Mead saw jockey W. Cook taking Temeraire to the post for the first two-year-old trial in September, he said: "I don't want to see any of the others, that one will do me."

Temeraire proved that summing-up perfectly correct by making an exhibition of his heat.

Temeraire came out for his first race the Breeder's Plate and

The colt who is full of dash on race day, is more concerned with eating and sleeping in his leisure hours.

Usually a highly-strung two-year-old is excused for being a little dainty at the feed box after a first race but Temeraire looked for his rations and more. These days he looks like it.

Although Fred Cush has had

### Jockey's Claim

A GREAT jockey of former days, who claims he introduced the crouch seat, came to Sydney recently from Bombay. He is L. H. Hewitt, who, 46 years ago, won two New Zealand Cups, two Auckland Cups, many Derbies and classics. After training in India for the Rajah of Idar he has come to Sydney in search of horses to train. Hewitt began riding more than 50 years ago, and claims he was the New Zealand originator of the crouch seat. Now all riders stretch horizontally along the horse's back, reducing wind resistance to a minimum. Before the crouch, jockeys sat bolt upright with legs straight (writes Cliff Graves in "Sunday Telegraph").

Tod Sloan, famous American, introduced the crouch seat into England early this century, and cleaned up many races and a fortune in presents from punters. But Hewitt claims he introduced the crouch in New Zealand long before Sloan. One of the first to crouch in Sydney was the late Jim Barden.

BETTER to only say only half of what you think rather than think only half of what you say.

# SWIMMING POOL SPLASHES

**FIRST** honours of the season have fallen to N. P. Murphy who won the initial Point Score series with a tally of 23 points from S. Murray 19 and dead heaters Alec Richards, Harry English and H. E. Davis each scoring 18.

Forty one members competed for the first series which was most enthusiastically contested.

Some of the starters have been very flighty at the starting barrier with the result that several disqualifications for flying starts have been made but the boys are learning, nowadays they are more docile at the barrier.

One of the most improved swimmers of the first month's activities has been ex Randwick-Coogee Club man S. Murray who started off on the 26 seconds mark and ended up by clocking in at 23½ secs. "Mick" Murphy too, is getting back into his old form as an improvement from 27 to 25 shows.

## Welcome Back.

Welcome reappearances in recent races of old members were by Hans Robertson, Sid Lorking and Dave Hunter. Hans has not got back his old form but it will not be long now and Sid collected a heat in fine style only to find himself "put out" for starting before his time.

In time-honoured fashion the Club celebrated the festive season with the usual Christmas Scramble on Christmas Eve. On this occasion the big event was a Relay handicap of 40 yards a man for teams of four. It was a really thrilling race with inches only separating the first three teams, and the fourth only a yard astern. 'Twas one of those races of which handicappers dream and the pity of it was that John Gunton was not able to be present to receive the plaudits of the onlookers.

Many more races like that will necessitate the installation of a finish camera especially as in this race there were doubts amongst

the spectators as to the placings.

As a consolation for those who were not in the winning team a Handicap of 6 times across the Pool was held and the Richards brothers again showed their prowess in this class of event, Alec being first and Viv second in a very close race. Third place was filled by P. Hill, a son of our popular ex-Chairman W. W. Hill, who was making his initial appearance.

## Looked Certain.

Claude Hoole looked a certainty at the half-way mark but he had left his comptometer at home and pulled up at the end of four laps thinking he had completed six. He started again but just missed a place.

After the events Sam Block presented the bottle of Scotch, donated by George Goldie, and various bottles of "bubbly" to the seven prize winners.

During the holidays racing was postponed but started again on Tuesday 7th December and will be held every Tuesday with finals on Thursday, for the next four or five months. Members are cordially invited to join up to get the benefit of the sport and good fellowship that exists in the Pool.

By the time these notes appear Australia's latest swimming visitors will have arrived in the persons of Fred Taoli and Ralph Wright, both of U.S.A. Both have impressive records and should prove worthy successors to the long list of champions including Arne Borg, Duke Kahanamoku, Jack Medica and Nakama, who have swum here.

Just before he left U.S.A. Taoli swam within three seconds of the world's 500 yards record and his time for 440 yards in that event would be about 4.45 which is quite a lot better than any swimmer, visitor or local, has done in Australia.

Ralph Wright is a breast stroke and backstroke expert whose time for a medley 300 metres (100 metres each back, breast and

freestyle) is well ahead of our best. At Breaststroke he has swum 2.45 for 200 metres and that is moving.

There is much interest in how our lads will go against these champions, particularly in view of the scientific training of calisthenics etc., in which the most promising of them have indulged during the Winter months.

With the Olympic Games of 1948 in prospect our best lads and lasses are being given the opportunity of having a course of real preparation and the clashes with Taoli and Wright at the N.S.W. Championships at North Sydney Olympic Pool on January 11, 14 and 18 have been eagerly awaited to give a first indication of the value of this training.

Tattersall's Club has a real interest in these youngsters of ours as, owing to the goodwill of the Committee, many of them have been coached in the Pool.

Results:—40 Yards Handicap, 10th December 1946—S. Murray (26) 1, N. P. Murphy (27) 2, J. Shaffran (25) 3. Time 24 2-5 secs.

80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 17th December 1946—N. P. Murphy and C. Hoole (52) 1, G. Goldie and G. Carr (61) 2, V. Richards and D. Hunter (48) 3. Time 48½ secs.

Christmas Scramble 160 Yards Teams Race, 24th December, 1946—J. W. Melville, K. Hunter, G. Goldie and G. Carr (107) 1, P. Hill, S. Peters, C. Hoole, and V. Richards (96), 2; A. McCamley, G. McGilvray, H. E. Davis and E. T. Penfold (110), 3.

Christmas Scramble, 6 Times Across Handicap.—T. A. Richards 1, V. Richards 2, P. Hill 3.

November - December Point Score.—N. P. Murphy, 23 points, 1; S. Murray, 19, 2; H. E. Davis, T. A. Richards and T. H. English, 18, 3; W. Kendall, 17½, 6; K. Hunter, 17, 7; K. Eiseman, 15, 8; V. Richards, 12½, 9; C. Hoole, 11, 10.

## Monte Carlo's Lost Glamour

MONTE CARLO has ceased to be the world's great playground as it was known in pre-war days. The high Casino gambling—save for a restricted few—has gone out of fashion. And it is this which seems to have divided Monte Carlo residential visitors into two distinct classes: the parvenus, the black market profiteers and the international "sportsmen" and "crooks" who habitually expend on living from £12 to £15 per day, and those less fortunate and less unscrupulous humans who are glad to find this harbour amid economic storms, where they can quite easily eke out a not too onerous existence in the sunshine in front of the blue Mediterranean for £1 to 30/- per day (writes "English Digest").

The latter, of course, frequent neither the Casino nor the night-clubs—those so mournfully gay "boites de nuit."

The night-clubs are much more numerous than might be expected. The public ones, I mean; the private "Villa" resorts are innumerable. Apart from a little high-stake side gambling, they mostly use their dance-floors for the purpose of selling champagne at from £3 to £4 the bottle, which in the last analysis is not more expensive than in the cabarets of Paris.

But the Casino has been metamorphosed. The "aristocrats" of yester-year are conspicuous by their absence. The arrival of a Greek "prince" and of a Spanish "Baron" (both probably false titles) creates a positive stir among the Casino "regulars" since such a happening is now so rare; whereas in the old days it was not infrequent that a Russian prince would leave 3,000,000 francs behind him on the turn of a card at baccarat!

The "gentlemen" gamblers are no more. Their place has been

taken by the black marketeers and the Paris white slave traffickers who inhabit the private salons and on rare occasions leave £1,000,000 to the bank. But the bulk of gamblers are the devotees of roulette, where the "jetons" are usually of a value of twenty francs! Or shall we say a modest tenpence a spin? The Casino croupiers are in mourning for the days beyond recall, when huge fortunes were won or lost—mostly the latter—in less than half an hour.

One sees very few English on the Monaco promenades or in the beautiful gardens. The reason is that with exchange control they are only allowed to receive £30 per month and this they imagine they would find insufficient for their needs. A pound a day does cut things very fine even in this astonishingly inexpensive Eden of exiles.

THE man who bets is a gambler and the man who gambles is no better.



THERE ISN'T a greater thrill than watching the field sweep-ing around the home turn at Randwick, or playing 18 holes under par, but it's certainly hard on your feet. Just rub a little FROSTENE into those hot, drawn feet and feel the swift, soothing relief—you'll be all set for a festive evening at the Club or a show. Don't worry about it coming off on sheets and linen—Frostene is greaseless and stainless—

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# Tattersall's Cup Day was on the Ice

## Kiaree Wins for Mr. Harry Tancred

Tattersall's Cup Day was a day of records at Randwick with the bombardments by blocks of ice euphemistically called hailstones likely to be an all time record. Provision of a handsome gold cup for the owner of the winner set a standard and many envious looks were cast at Kiaree's owner Mr. Harry Tancred as he received the first gold trophy for the race.

Randwick racecourse has had many strange visitations, and has been the scene of extraordinary incidents, but none to equal the first day of 1947.

The racing programme had to be amended and Tattersall's Cup timed to start at 3.20 p.m. was delayed and the field did not get on its way until 3.52 p.m.

A very disappointed trainer and part-owner E. (Ted) Hush had no option but to withdraw the Melbourne Cup winner, Russia. As he saw three tired horses Kiaree, Open Air, and Codicil struggle home at the head of the field, he was vindicated.

The mile and a half was run in 2.42 and the Randwick record is 2.29.

For real comparison the mile and five furlongs record is 2.41  $\frac{1}{2}$  at Randwick!

This shows how tough it was for game little Kiaree to win.

The owner was the most pleased man on the course and what a welcome home after seeing racing in three continents.

A word of consolation is due

to the trainer (S. R. Lamond Jr.) of the minor place-filers Open Air and Codicil.

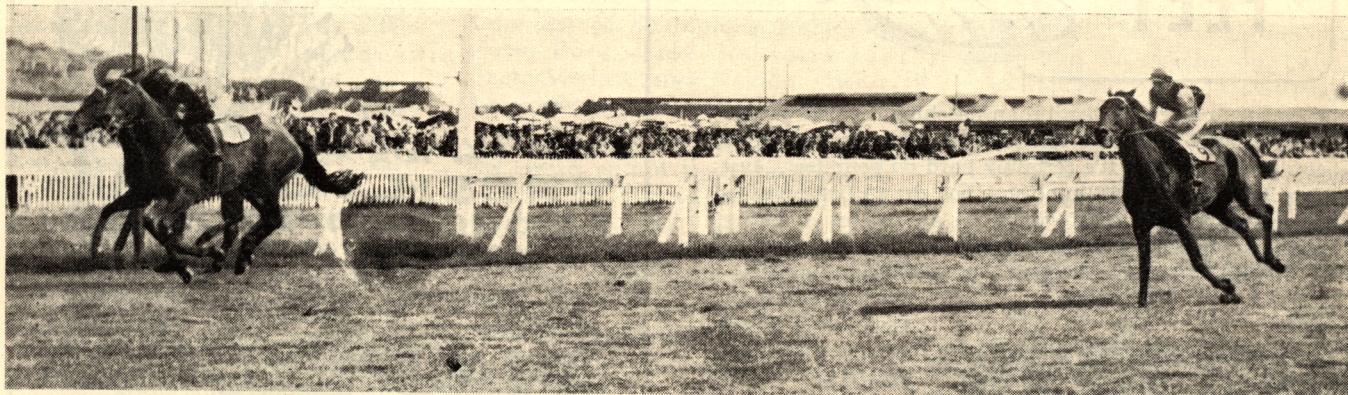
Trainers can hold strong hands and Open Air might have won on

a dry track.

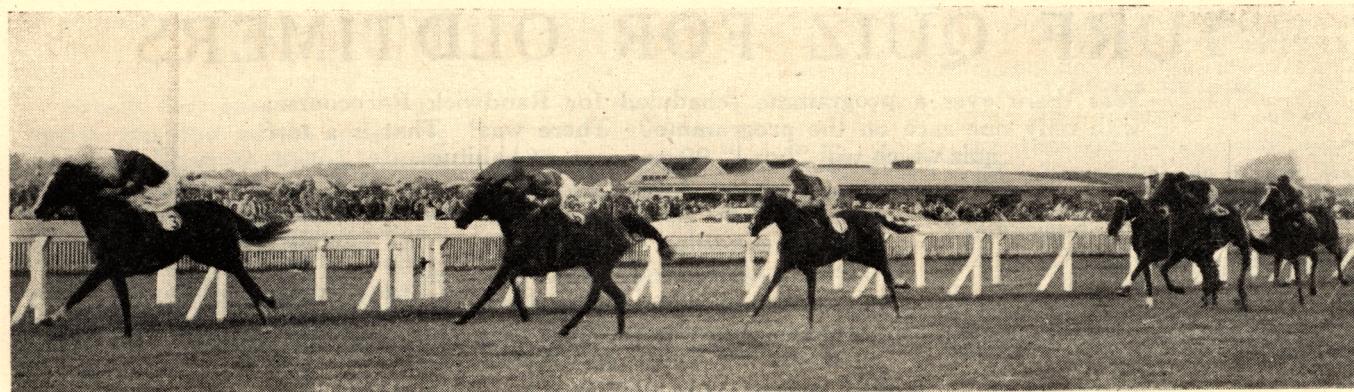
Peter's failure was disappointing as the Melbourne Cup runner-up to Sirius just plodded along at the finish.



L. to R.: Messrs. S. E. Chatterton (Chairman), H. E. Tancred (Owner), N. McGowdie (Jockey), M. McCarten (Trainer), T. T. Manning (Secretary).



Kiaree (outside) had nothing to spare from Open Air in the run to the judge in the 1947 Tattersall's Cup. They were well clear of all other opposition as is shown by Codicil's position.



Picture shows how Native Son won the Carrington from Lakshmi Vallis and Puffam.

## The Carrington Stakes

### Theories Knocked Sideways

All theories were knocked sideways by Native Son for he was in front all the way in the Villiers Stakes of a mile, yet in the Carrington Stakes of six furlongs he was restrained in the first three furlongs and won by his finishing sprint over the final three furlongs.

**N**ATIVE SON has followed the Bernborough plan of winning the Villiers-Carrington double but not even his enthusiastic owner is likely to hold any ideas that his horse can aspire much farther to the Bernborough standard.

Mr. W. W. Kirwan who won the Carrington Stakes with Native Son had his brightest patch of success. Much credit is due to our club member trainer Tom Mur-

ray who succeeded where others failed.

A.J.C. chairman, Mr. A. G. Potter had his big interest in The Tiger who won the Trial Handicap up to his knees in mud on Cup day.

Perhaps The Tiger did not gallop through so much mud for Jockey J. Thompson brought his mount down the top ridge of the mound in the straight. The Tiger was one of these and he did his job well.

The Tiger now has won two consecutive races at Randwick. Previously when showing indifferent form he was in danger of becoming just a zoological specimen.

Man O' War received an eyelash verdict from Mr. E. R. Williams's Rotten Row in the Denman Handicap.

Vicissitudes of racing was emphasised for Rotten Row was heavily favoured and tried to run away with the race.

Man O' War was regarded more with hope than confidence but he surprisingly achieved the impossible.

If Stanley Lamond was disappointed in the Cup, he had won on Carrington day with Bungaden for Mrs. Arthur Murrell.

That made up a little for Codicil.

Randwick trainer G. (Pat) Nailon showed wisdom by securing an apprentice allowance for two year old Mandova's third win and he exploited the small field position with Deed in the Alfred Hill Handicap.

A double on such a day as Cup day was no mean feat.

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# TURF QUIZ FOR OLDTIMERS

Was there ever a programme scheduled for Randwick Racecourse, with only one race on the programme? There was! That is a turf quiz which will "bowl" 99 per cent. of habitues.

THE matter was brought up over Christams holidays by a former member of our Club, Alf. ("Doc") Rogers, who said he was present and, as it panned out later, gave a very accurate description of what took place. The race was of the match variety, and attracted 4000 spectators.

Horses were Dr. Cortis' Grafton and W. Kelso's horse, Australasian. Stakes £150 aside, and the date, January, 1892.

So many of the older hands laughed the suggestion to scorn that writer almost gave it up as a bad job. However, recourse to the old "Referee" newspaper files unfolded the story.

What follows is from the pen of the doyen of all old-time turf writers, Jack ("Pilot") Dexter, and appeared in the "Referee" on January 13, 1892.

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### The Steeplechase Match.

Last Wednesday Australian defeated Grafton over the three-mile course at Randwick.

The match was made by Dr. Cortis and W. Kelso, and was of thorough sporting nature.

Dr. Cortis felt sanguine of success, and Mr. Kelso regarded the match as the best of good things for his horse.

The result proved that the Master of Orville was right and the doctor wrong.

Both horses were done at the finish, and the race was run a quarter a minute faster than the time Singleton won the Steeplechase.

We would like to see more match races of the same variety arranged and in the same friendly spirit.

When two owners have a firm belief in the merits of their respective horses it is the best way of settling the question.

In the match under notice it was a very even affair, and if Grafton is the better fencer, Australasian has a greater turn of speed. In a steeplechase field, however, we would still feel inclined to give the doctor's horse the preference.

### Race Described.

The weights were 10st. 7lb. each. J. Keighran had the mount on Australasian and R. Longford steered Grafton. Odds favoured Australasian at 10/9 on.

Grafton made play from the fall of the flag. Australasian caused his supporters some uneasiness by blundering over the first obstacle.

Dr. Cortis' old horse kept in front until after negotiating the last hurdle prior to entering the straight, when Australasian headed him, and, leading across the palings, won comfortably by three or four lengths in 7min. 15sec.

Some extra amusement was caused by a number of roughs

who, after scaling the outer fence and gaining free admission to the "flat," took up a position in the Leger Reserve, where he eventually vaulted the railings into the grandstand enclosure, the efforts of the two policemen present being powerless to cope with the difficulty. A small admission fee was charged, and hospitals will reap the benefit.

### Public Diversion.

In connection with the Match Race some of the sporty-minded spectators arranged an impromptu Welter over six furlongs.

Starters were Marvelette (Mr. Bloomfield), Escort (Mr. McArthur), Bella (Captain Lee) and Cyprus (Mr. Cruikshank, M.L.A.).

So great was the confidence reposed in Marvelette that 4 to 1 on was laid on the mare.

There appeared to be some doubt among the riders at the start, and Marvelette was left a long way behind, but after Cyprus had made the running for a couple of furlongs the favourite caught her horse and led into the straight, beating Escort at the finish by half a length in 1.20½.

Kempton Park Racecourse, now a German prisoner-of-war camp, is close to the Thames. Among the prisoners is a German tank commander who was captured near Trieste.

One day he asked how near the camp was to Henley.

"Do you know Henley?" he was asked.

"Yes, I was there before the war—in 1932."

"Rowing?"

"Yes."

"Did you have any luck?"

"I won the Diamond Sculls."

The winner of the Sculls in 1932 was H. Butz, of the Berlin Rowing Club.—Peterborough in London "Daily Telegraph."

## Breed for Speed

Breed for speed and more speed was the advice given by the Aga Khan to British bloodstock breeders in an interview with a London representative of the Sydney "Daily Mirror."

"The remedies which I read in various newspapers would, if carried out, be the ruin of British bloodstock supremacy," the Aga Khan said. "We must keep to the only classic tradition and breed for speed."

"Early maturity usually goes with speed. Speedy horses in one or two generations will get produce that will win over any distance. A horse with speed will hold its position in any field and provide the final spurt necessary for victory."

"I am also opposed to having a large number of distance races in England. It would inevitably encourage breeders to go to stallions that have neither early maturity nor speed, and that in the long run would produce slower

and slower horses instead of faster and faster horses."

"Britain's best chances of winning the French classics would be to keep to the classic tradition of breeding for speed."

There was, he said, a special reason for the French successes on the English turf this year—food.

During the German occupation French horses had the best oats and other foods available and had plenty of racing, whereas in Britain racing was greatly reduced and the food was the poorest on record.

"Once horses do not get old oats their standard undoubtedly goes down. My own best successes on the turf were when I could get the best old oats from Germany and other sources."

◆◆◆

TOO many people spent yesterday what they were going to save to-morrow.

## Horse Laughs

That horses have more sense than human beings is shown by the fact that they were scared stiff of motor cars in the days when pedestrians were laughing at them.—"Punch."

At an army camp a long-eared, sad-eyed mule named Brad had done his work well and faithfully. Just before the outfit shipped for overseas, a long list of promotions for the enlisted personnel was placed on the bulletin board.

Beneath it, the men tacked on a resolution:—

"Whereas the mule, Brad, has performed acts beyond the call of duty, and whereas he has gained the respect and admiration of this company, be it therefore resolved that, henceforward, he shall be addressed by the more dignified name of Bradford, and that he is hereby promoted to the rank of horse."—"Wall Street Journal."

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# Highlights from Stage and Screen

## TRINDER ON TAXATION

Tommy Trinder, English comedian, at present on Tivoli circuit, is credited with receiving the highest salary ever paid to a visiting artist in Australia. He puts across a great "crack" about an arrangement he has with Prime Minister Chifley—he (the P.M.) is to take the salary and Trinder the tax!

JUST what amount Trinder is supposed to receive is not disclosed, but it is refreshing to know that flesh and blood entertainers are "in the money" with the Hollywood clan.

Tie was when top-liners abroad received somewhere round £200-£300 per week, and could hang on to nearly all of it. Nowadays they would retain 1/6 in the £.

It is interesting to turn back the pages and note how much of their earnings well-known stars of the past were able to accumulate. There has always been money in the "living" theatre. There still is, with the right show, properly advertised.

And now let's turn to the Wealth Department:

That great showman, P. T. Barnum, put "more on their edges" than any other trouper and became a millionaire. His partner, J. A. Bailey, did not do so badly either, and died worth over £400,000 (all figures quoted are those settled on for probate).

Digressing for a moment, it is worth recalling that another entertainer of different brand—Edgar Wallace, the writer—finished up right at the other end of the list. On his untimely death, at the age of 57, Wallace's affairs showed a deficit of £63,000, and yet, had he lived he would have paid every penny and saved a fortune besides.

The revenue from his dramatic and other work is still returning thousands of pounds each year.

Sir H. E. Moss of famous Moss Stroll Circuit, left over £200,000, while his partners, Richard Thornton and Sir Edward Stoll, both died worth well over six figures.

Incidentally, Moss started his musical career at Greenock (Scotland) as a pianist to help his father's show, and he also assisted in the stage management.

Thornton started his career as a stage carpenter. Later he acquired a small public house in a back street facing the old Theatre Royal, in South Shields (Eng.), and became his own architect, builder and director.

J. W. Ricaby, who came to Australia in the Harry Rickards Tivoli days and introduced the old song "P.C. 49" and others, left £12,337 to be split up by his family.

George Chirgwin (white-eyed kaffir) retired from the stage many years before his death at 67 and never stinted himself. He

admitted living on capital, but said he had plenty to last him. He left £6000 when the final curtain fell.

Marie Lloyd and Gaby Deslys went almost arm in arm in financial affairs. Only £10 separated them in a £7,300 estate.

Lawrence Irving left £937, but his brother £39,176, while their dad, famous Sir Henry, could only hang on to £20,527 of the colossal sums he had earned.

Here are a few other estates of folk well known, by name at least, to all Australian theatregoers:

Sir Hall Caine (78), £250,000; Sir W. S. Gilbert (74) £111,971; Lionel Monckton (62), £79,517; Brandon-Thomases £26,563; Pavlova (45), £82,524; Dame Nellie Melba (69), £62,214; Sir Arthur Sullivan (58), £54,527; Dame Ellen Terry (80), £22,231; E. C. Bostock (Circus, 49), £22,168; Fred Leslie (37), £16,113.

Obviously, the above list only scratches the surface of names which have made money in large lumps. Trinder has the job in front of him to top them off, despite his jibe at our Taxation Department. We wish him luck.

\* \* \*

## Outlook for the Legitimate Theatre

If the Minerva has been sold to motion picture interests, as reported, Sydney will be left with only two legitimate theatres, Theatre Royal and Tivoli—a sad plight for a city of more than a million people. Whether the authorities would license the Minerva as a film house is another question. A view might be taken that the area already is sufficiently served with motion picture fare.

In any case, those who desire to build legitimate theatres—J.C.W. and Ben Fuller, among them—should be afforded special facilities, including waiving of building restrictions.

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# MAN O' WAR'S GREAT RECORD

MAN O' WAR, the champion racehorse Louis B. Mayer's money couldn't buy, has reached the sere old age of 30—the human equivalent of 90—down on his Old Kentucky Home (Dan Parker wrote from New York to Sydney "Daily Telegraph").

Film millionaire and racehorse breeder Mayer has bought the Australian champion race-

horses in America. (In Australia racehorse ages date from August 1.)

The record life span of a thoroughbred is 36 years, which another American racehorse, Merrick, owned by J. C. Milam, attained. Average life expectancy of a racehorse is 14 to 16 years.

No princeling being groomed



Our member (third from left) leads a deputation to Minister J. M. Baddeley on behalf of the Owners and Trainers' Association. They had much to say to the Chief Secretary regarding the welfare of racing in our midst. From L. to R.: Messrs. N. McKenna, W. Webb, W. Longworth, W. Gollan (M.L.A.), F. Lewis and W. Kelso. Deputation in January, 1947. A return to mid-week racing was the aim.

horse Bernborough for a price reported to be 300,000 dollars (A£93,000).

Mayer once offered Samuel Riddle, owner of Man o' War, 1,000,000 dollars (A£300,000) when the big red stallion was 22 and still at stud. Riddle turned the offer down.

Man o' War, whom many racing men regard as "the greatest racehorse of all time"—if there is such an animal—had his 30th birthday on January 1, the date arbitrarily designed as the birthday of all thoroughbred race-

for a throne has received more loving attention than Man o' War has since he was retired to the stud 27 years ago after two brilliant racing campaigns.

More than a dozen other thoroughbreds have earned more than "Big Red," whom the English Stud Book doesn't recognise as a thoroughbred. But his feat of winning 20 out of 21 races and purses totalling £76,289 in two racing campaigns is remarkable.

Bernborough raced 18 times for his last owner, A. O. Romano, in a year, winning 15 successive races and £24,321.

The average stallion stands for about seven years. When Man O' War was retired from stud in 1944 at the age of 26, he had sired more than 300 colts and fillies who had won more than 1,200 races and more than £1,000,000 in purses. The great sire had been booked 25 times a year and commanded a fee of £1,529. (Bernborough's stud fee will be £429.)

Annual earnings of more than £38,000 add up to really important money in two decades. Therefore, Man o' War easily tops all other racehorses in lifetime earnings.

Sam Riddle bought Man o' War at the 1918 yearling sales for £1,529.

Which was even a better bargain than Romano's when he paid 2,600 guineas for Bernborough.

## Objection to Modern Dances

The real objection to the current dances is not that they are lewd, but that the music to which they are danced is idiotic. There is nothing unnatural or reprehensible about a young man (or even an old one) aspiring to hug a pretty gal, nor is there anything unnatural or reprehensible about a pretty gal essaying to inoculate him with the aspiration by displaying her charms (writes H. L. Mencken).

What is disgusting is that the great majority of Americans have been so debauched by music out of negro kraals in savage Africa and black-and-tan bordellos in the river towns of the South that they have come actually to like it—in fact, to prefer it to music that is seemly and civilised, say, the waltzes of Johann Strauss. Worse, a taste for this appalling and obscene cacophony is not confined to the actual dancers; the phonograph has carried it to the whole population.

## NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

The Committee has decided that in future the restriction on visitors to the Dining Room will not apply on Saturdays.

# Homage to a Genius on Horseback

Since thoroughbreds began to stretch themselves over English turf, there has never been another rider with the record of Gordon Richards, who began his working life as a clerk at fourteen, has been champion jockey 18 times, and has ridden more than 3,000 winners. The following article—condensed from a personal sketch written by Ian Cosster in the "Glasgow Evening Citizen"—appeared in the "English Digest."

HE is just under five feet high (shorter than most jockeys), chunky of frame, big-headed. His legs have the faintest suggestion of bow. His gait is a purposeful waddle. He pushes through the crowd as they whisper: "Look, there's Gordon."

If it is raining he wears a rain-coat, gloves, goloshes. He is never in a hurry to mount. Listening to his trainer, he nods, his brow furrowed, his dark eyes intent. The other jockeys are up and off. Gordon finds a clear space, sheds his wet-weather gear.

Legged up on a jumpy two-year-old, he suddenly clamps on

like a steel bracket. His neat little feet automatically find the stirrup irons. He gathers the reins, runs one hand along the mane, and the horse is under control. Richards, insignificant on land, is now in his element. He is horse-borne, important, urgent . . . . Usually he is the last to canter to the starting gate.

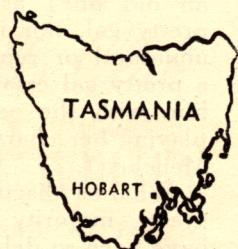
Racing is his serious business. (He has no other ambitions. "If I had my time over again," he says, "I'd still ride horses.") There is nothing flashy or showmanlike about his riding—or his appearance. He is a mechanic,

with fine, strong, skilled hands to nurse a thoroughbred machine and get the last ounce of horse-power.

"Gordon's in front," shouts the crowd. And he's on the inside, his whip flailing but never touching hide. But the horse has done his best and Gordon knows it.

Now see him ride a Richards finish. He seems to lift his horse away from the rest of the field in the last 50 yards. He is a demon on its neck, inspiring, firing as he drives past the post, two lengths to spare, the acceleration applied just when needed.

"Good old Gordon," shouts the



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crowd. "He's done it again," say the dour-faced bookmakers.

He's done it more than 3,000 times since he rode his first winner back in 1922. His nearest rival in English racing, lanky Fred Archer, rode 2,749 winners in 17 years, died at 29.

How does he do it? He will not say. "That's my one secret," he explains. "It's all I've got. And I've still got my living to earn at racing. If I told everybody how to ride winners, where would I be?"

To me it seems that the secret is just the ability to get the best out of any horse he rides, plus the years of experience and the horseman's bag of tricks—an eye for an opening, judgment of pace and distance, the hands and balance to collect a horse under him and drive him home.

How long can he go on doing it? He was 42 in May. "Donoghue went on until he was 55," says Richards. "Why shouldn't I?"

"I don't have to waste," he says. "My weight stays about eight stone. That is a great advantage."

He saves himself the weakening, gruelling, exasperating processes which wrecked Archer's life. He has a happy home life at Marlborough. He keeps racing pigeons, likes football and curling in Switzerland.

His two sons are at public schools. Both are too big to ride professionally. But the younger, Peter, likes horses, and will probably go to a stable to "learn the business from top to bottom."

The eyes and hands of Richards are what you notice about him. His eyes are dark, unwavering, magnetic. His hands are large, well formed, supple—hands to hold wayward, pampered colts. As he describes a race those big hands go through the motions of holding and urging over again.

Conveniently near the course is a big black Bentley with a sil-

ver horse-and-rider mascot on its bonnet and a uniformed chauffeur standing by. After the races a knot of people linger about the car. It is Gordon's car. He comes out in a dark-coloured lounge suit. Autograph hunters push books and papers in front of him. Some of them are middle-aged women and men, Richards signs with a big flourish of a G and writes the rest neatly and legibly. A sailor pushes forward an identity card to be signed.

"Not on that," Richards protests. So the sailor produces a bit of paper and whispers: "Got any winners?" "That's different," says the champion, pauses and continues, "I hope to win on the King's filly to-morrow." Then he drives off, alone with his chauffeur in his big black car.

And the King's filly, Richards up, sure enough, wins the next day. —————

*WHEN you consent to argue with a fool it is certain he is doing the same.*

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# BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

With our members occupying the billiard tables more than ever, it is natural assumption that form generally must be on the up-and-up, and that newcomers are making every endeavour to improve their game. Here, then, are words of wisdom from the greatest player the world has known—Walter Lindrum—who stresses that every shot played should be viewed in the light of an investment.

A GOOD break, according to Lindrum, is one in which no hard shots are played after, possibly, the first.

Those who would aspire to better billiards, or snooker, must play every shot with the set purpose of making the next one easy to negotiate. There is a correct shot for every position on the table, and it is the studying of that shot that goes to make the champion.

There are probably several options, but there is only **one** right stroke. In billiards the balls should be grouped or, if playing losing hazards from baulk, the object-ball should be brought down to easy position below the centre pockets for a second, third and fourth shot of similar type.

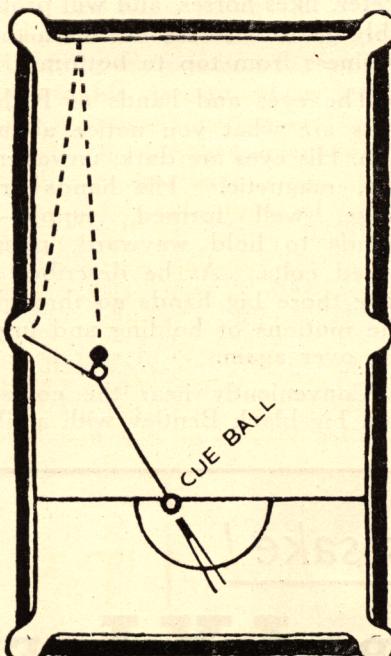
Strength is the essence of almost every shot, and only the poorest of players lose control.

### Snooker the Same.

It is the same in snooker. The cueist who rushes in to score an

easy red, regardless of what colours may be left, usually finishes up among the limit brigade in tournaments.

Not only must a red ball potted be executed to leave a colour



Study the position of the red ball and make up your mind not to fall into the error as shown. Unless the strength is perfect the object ball is going to be left "safe" against the side cushion. Spot the cue-ball for a wider angle and force the red toward the centre of the table. Dotted lines shows the red travel line.

easy, but the cue-ball must be so placed to enable the second pot and "run on" to another red.

Sounds hard, maybe, but that is the basis of break building.

One must always create a mental photograph of what is to follow in the next three or four shots, and although one is almost certain to be doomed to failure, in the early stages, big dividends will result eventually.

It is entirely up to the player whether he goes for the beauties of billiards or snooker or is content just to knock the balls around willy-nilly.

When giving lectures I invari-

ably get a laugh when I remind listeners that the cushions are not there merely to stop the balls from falling off the table.

Actually, that is one of the most important points I make, and I don't intend to be humourous.

The cushions provide the medium for either game to be one of skill, and they will respond according to usage.

The harder you drive a ball into a cushion the bigger dent it will make on contact. That dent creates a shoulder each side of the ball and has definite effect on what happens afterwards.

### A "Doubling" Example.

As an example of what I mean, let the reader visualise, say, at snooker, a red ball 12 inches below a middle pocket, with the cue-ball in the centre of the table and almost in front.

The player wants to "double" the red back into the centre pocket on the other side of the table.

It can be done successfully with varying degrees of strength, but if there is no need to force the ball for desired position the cueist will soon learn that the softer the hit the greater the angle-throw. That is because the object-ball will not have been driven between two "shoulders" when jammed into the side cushion.

And, while on that.

Let me explain the construction of cushions.

They are dependent to a great extent on glue where the rubber is attached to the woodwork, and when some "lazy" player decides to do away with the "jigger" and climb on to the table instead, or, worse still, sit on the rubber to make an awkward shot, he too frequently cracks the glue and loosens, perhaps ever so little, that portion of the rubber. From that point onwards that por-

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tion of the cushion will throw an unnatural angle.

It will cause many easy shots to fail and the striker will wonder what is the matter with himself.

So, next time you see a fellow-member refusing to use the "rest" you can dub him public enemy No. 1 from a billiard player's viewpoint.

Another point: Never use chalk on the bridge hand. Instead, work on the cue with ordinary brown paper and, occasionally, give it a good wipe over with a damp cloth.

I have played billiards in all climates. In north of Scotland, when kerosene heaters made the atmosphere oppressive; in Canada, when it was so cold I had to hold the butt end of a cigarette in my mouth to stop my teeth from chattering. But never, never have I allowed my cue to be side-chalked or my bridge hand powdered because that powder, mixed with perspiration from the skin pores, turns to glue, and the powdering business quickly becomes a bar to efficiency.

## WILFRED RHODES ON DON BRADMAN

In any history of cricket the name of Wilfred Rhodes must loom large. He was, until the coming of Hedley Verity, the one English left-hand bowler who had most Australians at his mercy on sticky wickets. He once secured 7 for 17 in a Test match and, at the age of 50, returned to Test cricket to win a match for England. Now he holds forth on Don Bradman.

**I**N the "Sunday Chronicle" (Eng.) Rhodes wrote: "Bradman is an example of Test match temperament par excellence. His confidence is supreme.

No matter how well you bowl at him he seems able to place the ball just where he likes. He makes the bowling suit his batting—which is real cricket and the right spirit of cricket.

He follows in the footsteps of that great Australian, Victor Trumper, who once told me that his idea was to hit the first ball

he received for four. Bradman isn't afraid of trying that game either.

At Leeds, in 1934, Bradman hit the first two balls from Bowes to the boundary. That's what you call confidence.

"Most Australians stand firm for Trumper, with his lovely dashing style. They say that Bradman has never had to face such bowlers as the giants of the past.

"It is certainly interesting to surmise what would have happened had Bradman been up against Foster, Barnes and Douglas as first change. But I still think Bradman would have been ahead of Trumper.

"It would have been a great sight to see Bradman match his eye against Sid Barnes—the greatest batsman and the greatest bowler."

\* \* \*

Most people, in endorsing the views of Rhodes, will hold that Trumper was the most beautiful batsman ever seen in first-class cricket.

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## UNJUST PRESS CRITICISM

UNFORTUNATELY, there have been among England's camp followers a few war correspondents, whose writings have embarrassed the Englishmen and embittered Australians.

We marvelled at English newspapers having published such claptrap, at having preferred sensationalism to reporting in the English tradition.

Some Australians have believed that the M.C.C. at home, or the manager and the captain of the team here, would have done well to have admonished these squealers publicly. Probably the M.C.C. view was that Australians were capable of distinguishing as between the dinkum and the otherwise, in the sporting sense.

Be that as it may, another outbreak might place the goodwill of the tour in jeopardy.

THE girl who is a vision at night might be a sight in the morning.

## Cricket Quiz

The dictionaries are not helpful in the matter, but there is reason for suggesting that "yorker" is derived from "York" because so many of the great Yorkshire bowlers of the latter part of the 19th century relied on that particular ball for wickets (writes "Northerner II." in the "Yorkshire Post").

Tom Emmett, the great Yorkshire cricketing wit, when asked: "Tom, why do they call it a 'yorker'?" replied: "Why? What else would they call it?" In his time, too, the Yorkshire eleven, when once playing in Sussex were entertained at breakfast by Lord Sheffield. When Emmett was offered fish he looked gloomily across to George Ulyett and said: "George, how can I bowl a yorker on fish?"

"Sunday Telegraph's" "To-day" headed this bit from its New York office: "They Weren't Rugby League Players"—"Chicago dentist, Dr. Barnett Midlin, made the error this week of telling a patient, John Langhout, that the bill would be £15/15/-,



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while he still had his fingers in Langhout's mouth. Langhout clamped down, severely biting the dentist's finger. He was later fined £7/10/-."

## RACING FIXTURES — 1947

### FEBRUARY

Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 1st
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 8th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 15th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 22nd

### MARCH

Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 1st
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 8th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 15th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 22nd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 29th

### APRIL

Australian Jockey Club....	Sat., 5th
Australian Jockey Club....	Mon., 7th
Australian Jockey Club....	Sat., 12th
City Tattersall's.....	Sat., 19th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 26th

### MAY

Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 3rd
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 10th
Tattersall's Club .....	Sat., 17th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 24th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 31st

### JUNE

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 7th
Australian Jockey Club....	Sat., 14th
Australian Jockey Club....	Mon., 16th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 21st
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 28th

### JULY

Australian Jockey Club....	Sat., 5th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 12th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 19th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 26th

### AUGUST

Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 2nd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Mon., 4th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 9th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 16th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 23rd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 30th

### SEPTEMBER

Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 6th
Tattersall's Club .....	Sat., 13th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 20th
Hawkesbury Racing Club	Sat., 27th

### OCTOBER

Australian Jockey Club....	Sat., 4th
Australian Jockey Club....	Mon., 6th
Australian Jockey Club....	Sat., 11th
City Tattersall's.....	Sat., 18th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 25th

### NOVEMBER

Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 1st
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 8th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 15th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 22nd
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 29th

### DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..	Sat., 6th
Sydney Turf Club .....	Sat., 13th
Australian Jockey Club....	Sat., 20th
Australian Jockey Club....	Fri., 26th
Tattersall's Club .....	Sat., 27th

# Golfers Take Note!

## Good Putting—Science not a Gift

It is a recognised thing that bad putting will lose for a golfer more holes than any other fault. Many golfers also have the opinion that good putting is a gift, and for this reason refuse to seek advice on the subject.

I am thoroughly convinced that more than 50 per cent. of the golfers whose handicaps are above 10 could cut at least two strokes a round off their game by taking lessons in putting, while the extremely high handicap golfers could in many cases reduce their eighteen-hole totals by from four to six shots (writes a noted American professional golfer). For good putting is not a gift, but is, instead, a science.

Golf from start to finish is very largely a matter of cause and effect. There is a right way and a wrong way to do just about everything there is in the game.

Some stars use a flat and some an upright swing; some adopt the overlapping or Vardon grip, others the natural grip, and still others the interlocking grip. But if one watches closely enough one will find that during the last foot or so that the club-head travels before coming into the ball, practically all of the top-notch players hit through on the same line.

So it is with putting. The grips and stances vary, but if really fine putters are asked how they get results they will say that they all do certain essential things in practically the same manner.

The main thing about the stance is to find a putting position which makes one feel comfortable so that one may properly relax.

By flexing the knees and bending these slightly, with the feet fairly close together to prevent the body swaying and to make it easier to keep the head still during the putt, one obtains perfect relaxation. The shorter the shot and the more accuracy required, the more important it is to maintain perfect balance. And if the head moves, then ob-

viously the shoulders, arms and club move, too, since all are tied together.

Putting is more like billiards than any other sport. In both cases the club and cue are gripped lightly in the fingers, the tips of the fingers just barely curling around the shaft or cue handle as the case may be. This is quite logical since the most highly sensitised part of the hand is the quick under the finger nail, thus providing the most delicate sense of touch and feel in the tips of the fingers.

Further, one takes the putter back on a straight line and comes into the ball on that same line. Most poor putters make the mistake of snatching the putter up with the right hand, taking it back too far and too high off the ground, instead of slowly and smoothly pushing it back with the left hand and keeping it on the same line and level with the ball as long as possible.

### *Back Swing Important.*

Also in billiards, one does not stab or stop the cue after hitting the ball. And, likewise, in putting one should not stop the putter and stab the golf ball. This is usually the result of taking too long a back-swing. Having taken the putter back far enough to hit the ball thirty feet, one's muscle memory tells as one starts the downward stroke that if he hits the ball firmly, he is going that distance instead of the six feet intervening between the ball and the cup. This then causes him to try and slow down the speed of the putter. The result is loss of rhythm and timing, a jerky stabbed putt with the putter stopping at the ball instead of stroking smoothly through it as Hagen and the other really fine putters do.

To become a really fine putter, relax; grip the putter shaft well down towards the tips of the fingers; take the putter head back only the distance required to send the ball a

few inches beyond the cup with a firm hit; keep the putter blade low near the grass on the backswing and keep the putter blade going out on a straight line and low after the ball is hit. Above all, keep the head and body still during the putting stroke.

These things will give confidence, and that is half of putting. So do not worry and change grip and stance if a short putt or two is missed a couple of times. Experimenting and changing things in actual play is fatal. There is one time and place for that—while on the practice field. Above all in putting, be up.

## *The Ways of a Drunk*

A drunk wandered on to the Third Test ground last week and was frog-marched off by Umpire George Borwick. Interfering drunks have appeared in all sports. A drunk bid 10,000 guineas for Ajax when he was sold as a sire. Another hoisted the protest flag at Randwick during a demonstration. At an Adelaide course, a drunk lit a fire of twigs behind the finishing screen and set the judge's sighting board on fire. At another Adelaide course, a drunk mounted a steeplechaser which had thrown his rider, and, with feet out of the irons, completed the last seven fences of the course. Three years ago a jockey, now out of the game, mounted the wrong horse for a race at Moorefield and had to be "helped" down by the trainer to get on his own mount. He had been taking a few noggins between races in the jockeys' room. Shortly after booze was barred in the room.—Cliff Graves in the "Sunday Telegraph."

“*NONE but the brave deserve the fair*”—and none but the brave can live with some of them.

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# BOTANY BAY

HERE is an inlet on the Eastern Coast of Australia, just five miles from the mouth of Port Jackson. The peninsulas forming its entrance—named La Perouse & Kurnell—are now Government reserves—the rest of the shoreline is occupied by suburbs of Sydney. Cook's River flows into its North-western corner and George's River in to the south-western.

One hundred and seventy six years ago, on 29th April, 1770, a little ship

had befriended previously at Tahiti, made the landing with the men and boats commanded by Lieut. Hicks.

A very few blacks met the party with upraised spears and no friendly feelings. Sailors threw them nails and beads but, although appearing pleased, they did not lower their spears.

Cook then ordered a volley to be fired and the blacks ran back to a heap of darts. They threw a few of these and then made off. The Captain then ordered



Captain Cook proclaiming N.S.W. a British Possession, Botany Bay, 1770.

of 368 tons dropped anchor not far inside the entrance of this inlet. Her name was "Endeavour" and her master, Captain James Cook. The inlet was the Botany Bay of today.

The "Endeavour" set out from Plymouth on August 26th, 1768, with 96 persons, officers, seamen, gentlemen and their servants and among those aboard were Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, who had received permission from the British Admiralty to journey on a scientific research mission.

Captain Cook sailed under secret orders since published by the Navy Records Society. These orders instructed him "to search for a continent of great extent to the southward of the track made by Capt. Wallis in the 'Dolphin'; to take pains if the continent be discovered, to observe the true situation, currents, tides, depth, soundings, etc. and to further observe the nature of the soil, the products, beasts, fishes, look for mineral deposits and to gauge the temper and disposition of the natives. Furthermore, with the consent of the natives, to take possession of convenient situations in this country in the name of the King of Great Britain".

Steering for Tasmania from New Zealand a storm in the Tasman Sea drove the "Endeavour" northward off her intended course and so it chanced that Lieut. Zachary Hicks was the first to sight Australia from the spot which Cook named Point Hicks.

The storm beat fiercely day after day and Cook anxiously scanned the shoreline for a suitable harbour in which to land. The weather at length abated and in the dawn of Sunday, 29th April, 1770, His Majesty's barque "Endeavour" sailed slowly and masterfully into a large bay—our present Botany Bay.

Capt. Cook, Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, with Tupia, a native boy they

that casks should be brought from the boat and that the ship's men dig for water. Further orders were given that the English colours be displayed ashore each day of the "Endeavour's" stay and that an inscription be cut upon one of the trees near this Watering Plain, setting forth the ship's name, date and so on.

It is of interest to note the body of a seaman, Formby Sutherland, from the crew of "Endeavour" who died of consumption just after the ship anchored, was taken ashore for burial and so it was that the first white man was buried on Australian soil. Our own poet, Henry Kendall, has since immortalised this in one of his poems.

On May 1st, 1770, Capt. Cook and party proceeded to travel inland. Their observations make interesting reading . . . "the soil everywhere but in the marshes is of a light, white sand and produceth of good grass, which grows in little tufts, as big as one can hold in one's hand and pretty close to one another; in this manner the surface of the ground is coated".

The scientists, Banks & Solander, made many discoveries of strange plants and traces of stranger animals.

Capt. Cook, on May 4th, with Dr. Solander and Monkhouse set out to explore by water, the reaches of the bay. Of the land about Cook's River, Cook said quaintly enough . . . "the stone is sandy and very proper for building".

On May 5th, 1770, the Captain took a large party of men to the northern shore. No blacks were in sight as the men pushed through the scrub and continued to where now stands Little Bay, Long Bay and Maroubra.

The name of Botany Bay has provoked quite an amount of controversy. It was

at first thought that a Dr. Hawkesworth who wrote an account of Cook's voyage had suggested the name of Botany Bay. However, a later examination of Cook's papers disclosed that on the journey home to England he had changed the name from "Stingray Harbour" to Botany Bay and this again to Botany Bay—the reason being provided by the great quantity of new plants which Mr Banks and Dr. Solander collected there.

From Captain Cook's log and his charts there appears to be no doubt that on the sands of Kurnell, he first trod Australian soil.

In 1788 Cook's great French contemporary, La Perouse, sailed into Botany Bay where he remained until March 10th. In leaving he paid a graceful tribute to James Cook by remarking to Lieut. King "Mr. Cook has done so much that he has left me nothing to do but admire his work".

The Botany Bay of today bears little resemblance to the inlet as it appeared to Captain Cook in 1770 with its wooded and unknown shores, untouched by the hands of the white man's civilisation. Only in monuments and in Formby Sutherland's grave can we trace the birth of the land in which we live.

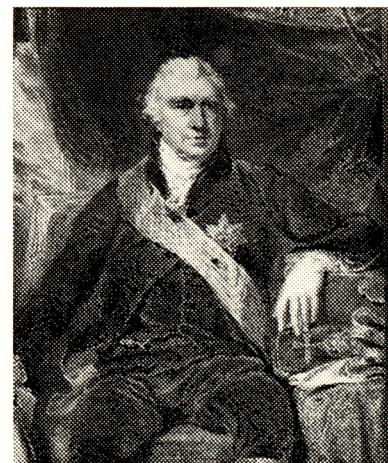
The tablet erected by members of the Philosophical Society on 13th March, 1822, ably voices the thoughts which must be uppermost in the minds of all true Australians who visit the spot.

Under the auspices of British Science

These shores were discovered by James Cook & Joseph Banks The Columbus & Maccenas of their time

This spot saw their advent in the pursuit of knowledge Now

To their memory this tablet is inscribed.



Sir Joseph Banks

## RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES